



THE WEATHER

For tonight and Wednesday: light northwest winds.
Sun sets 4:15, sets 7:12.
Moon sets 11:20 p. m.
High tide 5 a. m., 5:15 p. m.
Temperatures 101 p. m., maximum 75, at 10 a. m.; minimum, 58 at 4 a. m.; average 55. Temperature at 1 p. m., 62.

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BOSTON, TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1915.

Printed at No. 10, State St.

10 P.M. EDITION

Longest Home-Going Circulation in New England

Circulation Greater Than All the Other Boston Evening Papers Combined

PRICE ONE CENT

ARREST IN CHELSEA FIRE HORROR

Held Up by a Submarine BIG STRIKE STARTS

WARSAW SEA DIVER WALKS OUT TO BE GIVEN UP

The Danish steamer *Alexandra*, with cargo from Copenhagen, Christiania and Newcastle, arrived today in Boston and reported being held up in the North Sea by a German submarine.

It was on the morning of June 21 that a submarine, floating on the surface of the water, appeared and signalled to me to lay to. The *Alexandra* obeyed the order, and when the submarine had approached within hailing distance, its captain, through a megaphone, ordered me to come aboard and bring the ship's papers with me.

Obedying this order, I went aboard the underwater craft, where I was very graciously received by the captain and officers of the submarine. After a thorough inspection of the ship's papers I was told that they were all right, and we were ordered to proceed on our way.

"I have a message to the 'United States'," the submarine captain said to me, "but I have no paper to write it on, and can't send it now."

What the message was the submarine captain would not divulge. The captain told me that in his opinion the war would continue for at least two years.

The submarine appeared to be one of the latest type, about 200 feet long and 22 feet beam. On the deck were mounted two guns. Capt. Nielsen was dressed on his deck, and was not permitted to go below. The sea-diver had no distinguishing marks on it.

THREE OF THE CHELSEA FIRE VICTIMS



BOY HELD AFTER FATAL FIRE

Charlie Taylor, aged eleven, No. 20 Hawthorne street, Chelsea, was today detained by the Chelsea police as a result of an investigation by State and city police of the incendiary fire at No. 46 Beacon street, Chelsea, which early today caused the death of six of a family of eight persons.

No charge has been preferred against the boy, but Chief of Police James F. White admitted that he would be held and that he was suspected in connection with today's fatal fire and others in Chelsea.

"When the officers visited young Taylor's home early today," added Chief White, "they found the stairs were soaked with kerosene oil, exactly the same as was the stairway at the house No. 46 Beacon street where the six people were lost. There are queer features."

The Taylor boy will not be released. He will be held as a delinquent child. That is as far as I can discuss his case at this time."

Several strange fires. Chief White and the other officers in the case would not tell how it was that they happened in connection with the investigation of the Beacon street fire or how they happened to visit his home a half mile away, where they were started to find the premises apparently set for another blaze.

In other sources it was learned that several fires in Chelsea of late originated in a manner so strikingly similar that the police were convinced the district was at the mercy of a fiend.

THINK SHARON BIG WELSH GOAL GIRL FORCED TO ELOPE MINE STRIKE IS ENDED

Police Chief Perry of Sharon said today that when nineteen-year-old Helen M. Crocker left town in a fast auto with Warner R. Cram, her father's factory "boss," with whom she is supposed to have eloped, she was wearing a diamond ring.

The chief believes the report, first due to E. P. Millard, the auto driver, that Cram forced the girl to elope with him at the point of a revolver. The chief believes the girl was unwilling to go.

It developed today that Cram had recently secured permission from the Sharon selectmen to carry a revolver, also that he had been discharging it at the point of a revolver. The chief believes the girl was unwilling to go.

From left to right Sofia, sixteen years old, Josie, six years old, and Mary Yonkofski, eighteen years old, three sisters, and three of the six persons who perished in the fire.

NAVAL BATTLE OFF HALIFAX REPORTED

PORTLAND, Me., July 25.—Reports that British warships had sighted and fired upon a German submarine off the coast of Nova Scotia last Wednesday reached here by mail today, the writer stating that the Canadian censor had forbidden the transmission of the news by telegraph.

The letter said that the engagement occurred near Halifax, forty-seven ships having been heard after three British warships had been seen doubling along the coast at full speed.

New Apartments Are Available

All the time. Each year sees many new, handsome buildings added to the list of Boston's desirable dwelling places. This year is no exception.

These new apartments are equipped and furnished with every convenience that modern ingenuity and science afford. Each year the improvements grow more harmonious. Shower baths, vacuum cleaning service, and elevators are but a few of the conveniences offered to tenants of these up-to-date buildings.

Continued on Page 3 Column 1

Continued on Page 4 Column 1

Continued on Page 5 Column 1

Continued on Page 6 Column 1

**J. B. Herreshoff,
Famous Yacht
Builder, Is Dead**

BRIGHTON, R. I., July 29.—John B. Herreshoff, the finest boat builder of world renowned fame, died at his home here today at

SALADA

is therefore 10 cents per pound dearer than before. It is manifest that any concern serving the public well before the present extraordinary cost of teas cannot continue to serve at the same price. Of two options (1) Raise the price

or (2) Reduce the quality, we have, as always, chosen the former.

B 70

Advertise Your Wants in the Boston American.

DON'T YOU TRY

AT \$1,000 CASH?

THE BOSTON AMERICAN'S TITLE F CONTEST

OFFERS In Cash Awards

—Send for Back Pictures
Title Lists Are Free!

Plan

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 ...with a title, using
 ...most fitting and
 ...completely or fitting
 ...the "contest"
 ...uncongruous titles
 ...winning the next
 ...award, etc.
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side Winners

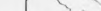
own for their repu-
are most fitting
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THAT FORTRESS
IS ON THE NORTHERN
BOUNDARY OF MY
COUNTRY

to these and save
for reference

ents a Play Title
ducation, thought,

umber, will be a



WHAT PLAY TITLE BEST FITS THIS PICTURE?

Write Title of Play Here:

.....

by a committee well known and

the publication of the last picture.

qually "most fitting and appropriate," to the "appropriate" to "Picture No. 1." If the title will be approved and credited as "most fitting and appropriate," the artist will receive the least total number of titles, including those "most fitting and appropriate" award. If there should still be a tie, the award shall be determined by the superiority of the titles, taking into consideration originally, skill, judgment and the essential elements of the picture as typified by the title of "Picture No. 1." If there is still a tie, the award shall be awarded to the artist residing at the above address, according to the address listed on the application.

names or addresses are not permitted, and their use will debar contestants from titles to buy. An official list of play titles will appear each week in this list. This list will be the standard for contestants to use in selecting the titles. The titles must begin with each Sunday official list publication, and all pictures must be among those in and selected from this list. It is not necessary to obtain this official list, as it may be secured free upon application to the publisher. A coupon which will be printed in the American Daily News will entitle the holder to a free copy of the list.

attached to the picture or a copy of it. A picture (or a copy of it) must be sent in with your answers before the contest ends. Answers sent in before the last deadline. Keep them from day to day and at the end of the contest arrange them in ALL TOGETHER AT ONE TIME.

the conscientious decision of the committee of judges, who will be prompt in using their best judgment, as they would if deciding on the best sixty of decision will be final.

As an acceptance of all rules now or hereafter to be made by the Sunday League and the decision of either on any point shall be absolutely final.

Page No. 27 in Tomorrow's Evening American.



Krazy Kat

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THE DINGBAT FAMILY

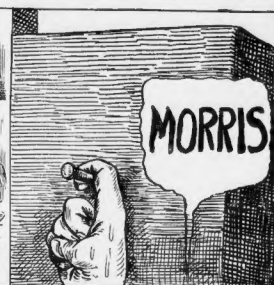
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ABIE THE AGENT

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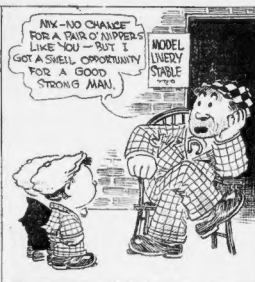
He Forgot All About Getting Aboard Again



JERRY ON

Copyright, 1915, International News Service.

Wonder if the Old Man Will Appreciate the Opportunity They Caught



POLLY AND HER DALS

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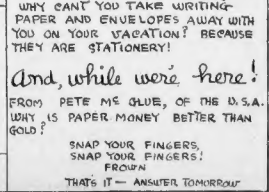
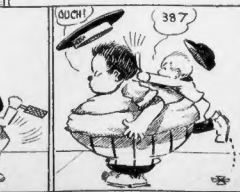
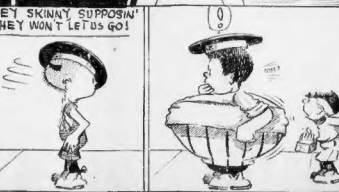
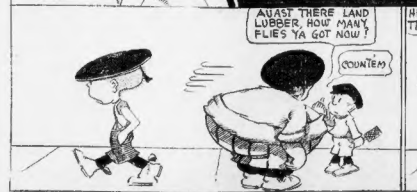
Certainly Not; Couldn't for a Moment Have Pa Nervous



US BOYS

Registered United States Patent Office.

They Look Like Some Nautical Heroes, All Right. Hope Their Parents Don't Bar the Cruise



NEWS WRITTEN BY LEADING EXPERTS

Choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos, **blended**, make Camel Cigarettes a delight to smokers who find in this brand more cigarette happiness than in either kind of tobacco smoked straight.

The **blend** mellowes the tobaccos, creating a new flavor as delightful as it is refreshing.

Submit Camels to the severest test. Compare them side by side with any cigarette at any price. You'll quickly appreciate Camel quality and absence of tongue-bite and throat-parch. They leave no unpleasant cigarette after-taste!

Cost of choice tobaccos, **blended**, in Camel Cigarettes, prohibits the use of coupons or premiums.

Camels sell 20 for 10c. Every dealer can't supply you with Camels, send 10c for sample pack or \$1.00 for a carton of ten packages (200 cigarettes), and postage prepaid. If after smoking one package you are not delighted with Camels, return the other nine packages and we will refund your dollar and postage.

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 Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel

CIGARETTES

Boston American Editorial Columns

OUR FIRST DUTY IS TO MAINTAIN PEACE; OUR NEXT DUTY IS TO PREPARE FOR WAR

TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1915.

One Year Ago There Was NO War

What Would the Nations Give If They Could Go
Back and Begin That Year Again?

(Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company.)

WE are approaching the first anniversary of the great butchery. For more than three hundred and fifty days the nations have been thinking only of murder on the most gigantic scale.

Let us in America, who sometimes talk glibly of war, who have our jingoes as well as our idiots that oppose preparation—let us, approaching the anniversary of brutality and horror, ask ourselves: WHAT WOULD THE NATIONS GIVE TO UNDO WHAT THEY HAVE DONE?

What would Europe NOT give if it could turn time back just one year and begin that year again?

England says Germany began the war; Germany says England made the war inevitable and planned it. Russia accuses Austria of starting a religious war to oppress and conquer the Balkans.

Italy makes her accusations, and France, the one nation thought by no one of starting the war, a victim of conditions and geography, fights courageously, suffering dreadful loss.

No matter about the right or wrong now. Every nation, RIGHT OR WRONG, would go back if it could. England has spent at least SIX THOUSAND MILLIONS of dollars, making her "consols," national securities, as cheap as second-rate railroad stocks. If the war lasts a year she will have to spend five thousand millions more. She has lost several hundred thousand men.

Germany has spent thousands of millions—no one knows how many—and her loss in youth and power that cannot be replaced is horrible.

France and Russia and Austria have spent their thousands of millions and destroyed their millions of men.

Gladly would they turn back if they could. If this were July 20, 1914, and the people awakening from a dream instead of realizing a horrible reality, do you think that any man in France, England, Germany, Russia, Italy or Austria would dare to suggest war? He would not last long if he did.

Let those who talk war in this country bear that in mind.

John Brisson Walker, in the weekly publication which he calls "Your Affairs," asks the question: "Who in America Wants War?" and says:

Oh, yes, my friends, there are armor magnates intent upon adding to their millions; there is a powder trust praying for a war that will quadruple its profits; there are small arm manufacturers who hope to be enriched beyond their present dreams of avarice; there are politicians having their secret springs in the pockets of these malign influences; there are aspiring officers who would gain promotion by the bloody upheaval of war.

Mr. Walker goes on to say that there are those who DO want war, who would send young men to the trenches and young girls to destruction for profit. That is the "too much" in Mr. Walker's strongly written article. There are men who will make war money, if they can, millions of them. Undertakers make money out of death, but to be an undertaker does not mean that you would commit murder to get business.

And to be a manufacturer of weapons, when the demand exists, does not mean that you would send your fellow countrymen into the trenches for the sake of cash.

NO ONE WANTS WAR when war is really understood.

One duty of this country is to make war understood, to think about it and realize its horror.

THE GREAT DUTY OF THE MOMENT is to have this country so well prepared against attack that the other countries of the world, now learning by one another's bitter experience, will not think of attacking us.

After what has happened in Europe, so-called "aggressive nations," if they attack anybody, will take good care that they attack somebody weak—remember China and Japan. A country prepared as ours OUGHT to be, and CAN be, AND MUST be, need have no fear of attack for a hundred years to come—or a thousand years.

The world has learned that to conquer a country armed and ready costs more than victory is worth.

Once-Over

If half the pity in the world were changed to assistance, something of a practical nature would be accomplished for mankind. You may have tears in your eyes, your heart may be really touched, when you say to some poor fellow, "I am sorry for you," but if you do nothing to assist him, you're more of a detriment than a help.

The poor fellow thinks, "Yes, they all say they're sorry, but they don't bear anybody say they'll make me to a few dollars or a job, in order that I may get a fresh start."

A man who is down and out is not encouraged to try by the people who merely say they "are sorry." Unless such words are backed by helping action they mean a mortuary to him, and he only becomes hardened against man and man-made laws.

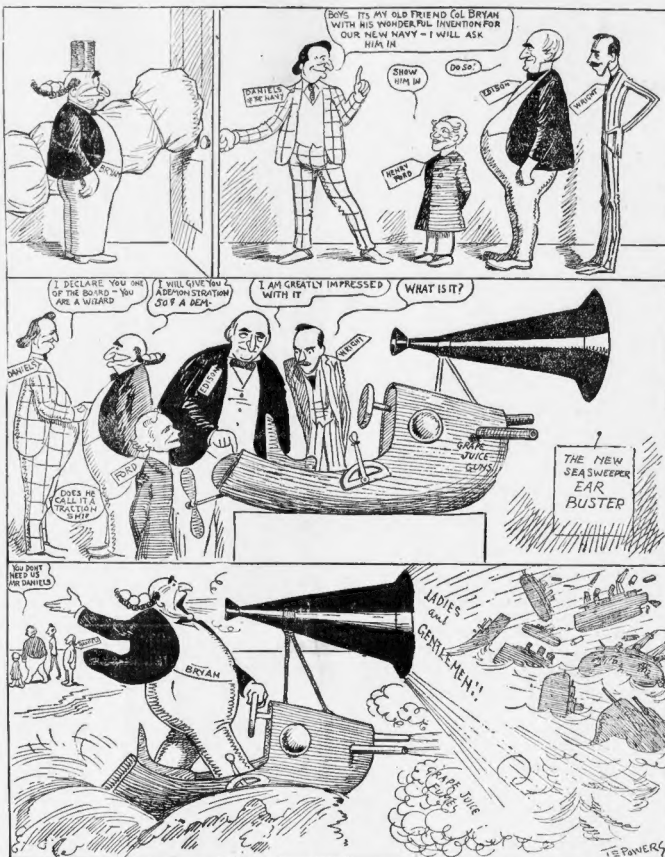
"I'm sorry, but I can do nothing for you," is the man who asks for a job stamps you as a hypocrite.

If you are really sorry for a man who's down you'll try your best to do something helpful for him. Be sincere.

ME AND MY PETS

By T. E. POWERS

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Here we see a new addition to the advisory board of the navy. The famous cruiser Ear-Buster is demonstrated by its inventor. Hostile battleships will be literally talked off the ocean. It is a plan that neither Edison nor Ford ever thought of, so you see it's SOME invention.

A SON SPEAKS TO HIS MOTHER

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

(Extracts from poem in the Corneropolian Magazine for July.)

MOTHER, sit down, for I have much to say
Aunt this widespread, ever-growing theme
Of woman and her virtues and her rights,
I left you for the large, loud world of men
When I had lived one little score
I judged all women by you, and my heart
Was filled with high esteem and reverence
For your angelic sex; and for the

wives,
The sisters, daughters, mothers
of my friends
I held but holy thoughts.
To fallen stars
(Of whom you told me in our
saintly talks,
Warning me of the dangers in
my path)
I gave wide pity as you bade
me do.
Saying their sins harked back
to my heart.

Now, listen, mother mine: Ten
Years have passed
Since that clean-minded
and pure-bodied youth,
Thinking to write his name upon
the stars,
Went from your presence. He
returns to you
Fallen from his high altitude
of thought,
Hiding deep scars of sins upon
his soul.
His fair illusions shattered and
destroyed.
And would you know the story
of the fall?

Mother, you taught me there
were but two kinds
Of women in the world—the
good and bad.
But you have been too sheltered
in the safe,
Old-fashioned sweetness of your
quiet life.
To know how women of these
modern days
Make license of their new-found
liberty.
No, mother; I am sane, but very
sad.
I miss my boyhood's faith in
Woman's worth—
Torn from my heart by "good
folks" of the earth.



Few Working Girls are Designing Flirts Dorothy Dix Says

Wives Who Suspect Stenographers, Secretaries,
Etc., Should Think of Own Daughters Before
Making Accusations—Employers Often to
Blame

By Dorothy Dix

A WOMAN sends me a letter in which she asks me to write a scorching article on working girls, scolding them for making themselves so attractive to their employers. She says it is the stenographer, and the factory girl, and the salesgirl, and the girl who constitutes the real home-wrecking crew, and that they flout their hair, and paint their faces, and wear up-to-the-minute clothes, and flirt with their bosses, and so out to dinner with them, and that this breaks the hearts of the poor neglected wives at home.

And this jealous wife thinks that something awful, with boiling oil in it, ought to be done to these giddy girls, and that a law should be passed against permitting them to look so pretty, and be so young and say, "Oh, wives get old and we can't always be dressed up."

Perhaps, Heaven knows the business girl who has a sentimental affair with her employer, and who runs out with him to places of amusement when he is a married man, does a foolish enough and a wrong enough thing, and one for which she pays dearly enough in the end.

But why blame everything on the girls? What about the recreant husbands who take the girls about? No girl can go out to dinner or to the theatre with her employer unless he spent on his wife, as any elderly and plain and homely working woman can testify.

Moreover, it is the privilege of the employer to have only those about him of whose conduct he approves, and if he didn't want little Miss Stenographer to make zany eyes at him, he would send her packing at the very first roll of her eyes in his direction. A girl can flirt with a stone saint on a monument in a cemetery as easily as she can with a man who isn't flirtatious himself, and you may be very sure that any husband who gets stolen away from his own bedside has been guilty of at least, contributory negligence.

Cynically amusing to hear Wife Accuse Girl of 18 Without Experience

When you come to think of it, it is cynically amusing to hear a wife accuse a little eighteen or nineteen year old girl with no experience of life, no knowledge of the world, of kidnapping a man old enough to be her father, if not her grandfather, and bearing him, struggling and protesting, away from his once happy home.

According to the wives the husbands, no matter who blessed-eyed old rascals they appear to be, are mere innocent, unsophisticated infants, entirely unable to cope with the arts and wiles of any little girl behind a counter or before a typewriter.

Undoubtedly the reason that wives cling to this theory of their husbands' inability to resist the hypnotic power of their female employees is because it saves their own backs. In their hearts, they are bound to know that in every affair between a man and the girl he employs the original instigator is the man. He is the aggressor, and he is the one to blame, because he strikes the note of the relationship between himself and those he employs.

He can make it purely business. He, as the case in the great majority of offices, He can nip any sentimentality in the bud. He can dismiss any girl who shows unusual tendencies. He can do more. He can form the manners and the morals of the girls he employs and teach them to be dignified, self-respecting gentlemen, who will know how to avoid even the appearance of evil.

The man who is honorable and straight himself in no way endangers from the arts and wiles of little girl employees than a lion is from a sick mouse.

Not Girls, but Wicked Old Employers Who Do the Preying

As a matter of fact, it is not the wicked little girls who prey upon their employers, but it is the wicked old employers who prey upon helpless little girls. And this is the more distasteful because the girl who works in a shop is no danger from the arts and wiles of little girl employees than a lion is from a sick mouse.

Many a stenographer listens, with disgust in her soul, while her fat and amorous old employer tells her how un happily married he is, and how happy he would be if he only had a sweet young thing like her to console him. Many a salesgirl and factory girl loathes the attentions that a bald-headed old married floor walker or superintendent forces upon her, but she has to summon up a smile and look pleased and flattered and jolly along the man whose favor means her keeping her situation.

It's as cruel a dilemma as life offers, for if a girl is willing to work it shows that she, at least, wants to live honestly, and the pity of it is that she so often finds it so hard to do so.

Mother Should Think of Own Daughter Before Making Accusations

Perhaps it is too much to expect that the wife who hears of her husband's attentions to some pretty employee, will be wise enough to see that he is the one to blame, and not the girl. Nevertheless, such is the plain case, and he is the one on whom the wife of her wrath should be emptied, as she will comprehend if she will reflect how helpless her own young daughter would be under similar circumstances. She would know who would do the leading astray if it was a question between her own little Sadie or Mamie and some experienced, worldly-wise man in whose office she was employed.

However, there is no denying that the advent of the attractive girl into business has introduced a new rival into the domestic arena. Beside the other charming women that her husband might casually meet in society, there is now the trim figure of the business girl who meets intimately in his own office or store, and who is paid not to argue with him or contradict him, as is the habit of wives, and so perhaps the jealousy of the wife is inevitable.

But let her remember this—the faithfulness is from within and not from without, and that there will never be any danger to her from her husband's employee until he lets down the bars. He's to blame, not the girl.

MRS. WILCOX'S POEM

The poem in the adjoining columns by Ella Wheeler Wilcox is from a recent issue of Corneropolian, in which Mrs. Wilcox's Poems appear regularly.

In the August number, now on the newsstands, her poem, "War Mothers," we call to the attention of our readers.